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a Specinity:

## ALCOTT'S KINDNESS.

A Day Spent With the Author  
in Her Concord Home.

A MAN'S GRACEFUL TRIBUTE.

Her Kind Reception of a Young  
Stranger—Taking Him to the  
Home of Emerson.

[Copyrighted, 1888.]

Written for THE SUNDAY HERALD.

The death of Louisa May Alcott recalls a pleasant meeting with the famous author a few years ago at her Concord home. I was visiting Boston, when the desire to meet Mr. Emerson took possession of me, and I started for Concord. Arriving at the quaint historic town, I learned that Emerson's health was such that his family prohibited any strangers from seeing him. I naturally gave up the idea, but recalling that Miss Alcott's residence was in the town, I repaired to the old Alcott mansion. I was an entire stranger to her, but had a friendship of ten years standing existed between us the reception she accorded me could not have been more warm and cordial. For more than an hour we chatted about literary matters, when I casually inquired concerning her father. "He is in his room dozing," she explained; "it is no longer the same pleasure for strangers to meet him, but come and see him for yourself," and she led the way into a room on the opposite side of the hall. There, on a sofa, comfortably reclining on a pillow of snowy white, lay the old philosopher. Stopping down, the devoted daughter tenderly kissed the brow of her distinguished father. He opened his eyes slowly, a smile crept over the somewhat tired features, I thought, as he saw who had roused him, and then seeing me stand at the foot of the lounge, he nodded and extended his hand. Miss Alcott pronounced my name, and, like a schoolboy after his teacher, he repeated it. "How pleasant it is to look upon you in the full bloom of youth," he said, as he gazed at me through fully a moment. "Will you not sit down here a moment and talk with me?" he asked, and seating myself on a low stool at the side of his couch, the old philosopher and essayist took my hand in his, and for a brief five minutes, he convinced me how pleasant must his off-hand public "talks" have fallen upon the ears of those who listened to him in his years of strength and health. Repeating again to the parlor, I told Miss Alcott that I regretted my inability to meet Mr. Emerson. "He is so scarcely any one now," she replied, "but let us walk to the house, and perhaps you can get a glimpse of him, even if you cannot speak to him." It was a crisp day in November, and in the clear, wintry air I had an enviable opportunity of studying the features of the women whose written words had delighted so many thousands of children. It was a strong intellectual face; the eye was kindly, and from it beamed a look of contentment and happiness. And yet I thought a look of care and sadness was on the face. She realized only too well, even at that time, that the strong mind of her father was slowly losing its activity, and it clouded her otherwise happy life. During that short walk to the Emerson home, the conversation dwelt only with him whose love she deemed more precious than all the laurels of her literary success. Tenderly she spoke of him, and when she expressed the hope to me that her father's former good health might again return to him, a new light seemed to come to her eyes, and her step quickened. A daughter's love beautiful and almost heavenly, filled her bosom, and in all the words of her conversation none was spoken with such feeling as when she resorted to "father." We shortly reached Mr. Emerson's house. Miss Emerson greeted us at the door, and welcomed me with true New England hospitality as I was introduced to her by Miss Alcott as her "young friend." I had been placed in Louisa Alcott's category of friends, and as an ardent reader and admirer of her books, it is not wonderful that a feeling of pride took possession of me. Miss Emerson took us into the comfortable little parlor, and I felt as if I had been conducted in a room filled with the associations of the choice est spirits of American letters. After a brief conversation, Miss Alcott told Miss Emerson of my desire to meet her father. "He meets no one," she said, turning to me, "but I will go and see him." She had gone but a moment, when Miss Alcott excused herself saying, "You shall see Mr. Emerson if it is at all possible." A few minutes passed, and the ladies returned. Miss Alcott had a smile on her face, and I knew she had succeeded for an audience. "Your wish is to be realized," she said simply, and beckoning me, I followed my interesting guide. Through two rooms we went, and I was about to cross through the third when I found myself in Emerson's library. There, at his desk, his face turned towards the fire as in deep meditation sat the man whom I had so many times fondly hoped to meet. I was again introduced by Miss Alcott. Emerson rose with a quiet dignity in his manner, extended his hand, which I shook in a hearty way. Motioning me to a chair, I sat down and was about to begin a conversation, when he rose, walked to the window, and stood silently looking out as if no one was in the room. I looked at Miss Alcott, who put her finger to her mouth, indicating that I was to be silent. Not a word was spoken for an uncomfortable long time. I turned in my seat, being determined that I should at least see Emerson's back, if I was not to see his face again. Presently he left the window, resumed his chair, looking intently at the fire, still ignoring the presence of either of us. "Have you read this new work of Ruskin's yet?" broke upon the stillness as Miss Alcott asked the question of Emerson. Slowly the great master of English turned in his chair and asked with great deliberation, "Did you speak to me, madam?" I was dumfounded, and in an instant I realized the reason of his seclusion from the world. He did not know his friends, not even Louisa Alcott! The sense of recognition had left him! After a moment, I casually inquired of Emerson if he would not

write his name in my autograph album, which I had carried with me from New York. "My name?" he asked. "Yes," I replied, "I should esteem it highly." "Write it on that piece of paper and I will copy it," he said. Taking the paper, I wrote on it "Ralph Waldo Emerson, Concord, November 22, 1887." Carefully scrutinizing what I had written, he took my album and copied the words, letter by letter. So far had the great intellect left its owner, that he could not recall his own name, and not even could he correctly spell the name of the town which he so closely associated with his fame and work for in my book still appears the signature with the word underneath "Concord." Our visit ended, we walked back to the Alcott home. My distinguished companion spoke not a word, and I was so full of surprise that I doubt if I could have answered her intently if she had addressed me. At the gate of her house, I took leave of her newly-made friend, whose kindness had given me such opportunity. I never met Miss Alcott again, but ever since our meeting, seven years ago, I have been favored with a most enjoyable series of letters from her pen. She never failed in these letters to speak of her father and his condition. In the last letter I ever received from her, written only a fortnight prior to the death of her father, and her own sad demise, she writes:

"Father falls slowly. He no longer goes out, sleeps much of the time, and takes less interest in things about him. But he still likes his books at hand, and enjoys seeing a friend now and then but only rarely. The twilight is closing gently in, and he may fall asleep at any moment."

And thus ended my pleasant acquaintance with the author of "Little Men" and "Little Women"—an acquaintance cordially extended to an entire stranger but one that will ever be cherished by him as a golden link in memory's chain. Tributes many and eloquent will be paid to the memory of Louisa M. Alcott. Her many deeds of kindness and love will be recounted by hundreds. But none will be more sincere, even though more eloquent, than these simple words of grateful remembrance here written to her memory, of the simple white rose, typical of her purity of heart and motives, which I some time hope to place on the mound under which she restfully sleeps.

EDWARD W. BOK.

## PEMBROKE'S BLANKS.

List of Blanks For Sale by H. Pembroke.

## Mining Blanks.

Notice of Location.  
Application for Patent.  
Notice of Application.  
Proof of Posting Notice and Diagram of Claim.  
Proof that Plat and Notice remained Posted during Period of Publication.  
Certificate of Identity of claim.  
Register's Certificate of Posting for Sixty Days.  
Agreement of Publisher.  
Proof of Publication.  
Affidavit of \$500 Improvement.  
Statement of Fees and Charges.  
Certificate of Citizenship.  
Power of Attorney.  
Bond for a Deed.  
Mining Deed.

## Justices' Blanks.

Summons.  
Subpoenas—Civil.  
Subpoenas—Criminal.  
Warrant.  
Commitment.  
Execution.  
Writ of Attachment.  
Affidavit of Attachment.  
Undertaking on Attachment.  
Notice of Appeal.  
Complaint.  
Affidavit.  
Affidavit on Claim and Delivery of Personal Property.  
Undertaking on Appeal.  
Constable's Sale.

## Miscellaneous.

Deed—Bargain and Sale.  
Warranty Deed.  
Quit-Claim Deed.  
Trustee's Deed.  
Warranty Deed Against Grantors.  
Mortgage.  
Mortgage Long Form.  
Chattel Mortgage.  
Lease.  
Official Bond.  
Incorporation Bond.  
Articles of Incorporation.  
Acknowledgments.  
Protests.  
Collector's Certificate of Sale of Real Estate.  
Sheriff's Sale.  
Application for General License.  
Application for Liquor License.  
Bond for Liquor License.  
Administrator's Bond.  
Petition for Letters of Administration.  
Order Admitting Will to Probate.

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